THE Royall Gueſt: OR, A SERMON PREACHED AT LENT Aſsiſes, *Anno Dom.* M.DC.XXXVI.

At the Cathedrall of SARVM being *the firſt Sunday of Lent, before* S^r. IOHN FINCH and S^r. JOHN DENHAM His Majeſties Juſtices of Aſſiſe.

By THOMAS DRANT of *Shaſton* in *Com. Dorſet.*

LONDON,
Printed by *George Miller,* and are to be ſold by *Henry Hammond* Bookſeller in *Salisbury.* 1637.

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ROYAL GUEST:
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At the Cathedral of SARUM
the Fifth Sunday of Lent, before S^r. JOHN FINCH
Justice of Assize.

By THOMAS DRAKE of Shaftsbury
Curat. Dorsetiæ.

Printed by George Croom, and are to be sold by Peter

TO THE WORSHIPFVLL

PETER BALL ESQVIRE,

Recorder of the famous Citie of Exon. health in this life, true happineſſe in the life to come.

***

SIR,

Might Preface *to you, with* Reaſons *of this Dedication, or with* Apologies: *You are a ſtranger to me,* nec beneficio, nec injuria cognitus, *Onely I affect to be knowne unto you; this is* motive *enough, nor pleade I other* excuſe: *What your* eares *grac't with a liking in the paſſage, theſe* ſheetes *ſpeake to your*

Tacitus de Galba, Othone, vitel. Hiſt. Lib. 1.

eyes, but more ſtandingly, *my hopes are bleſt, if I pleaſe both ſences: Your* applauſe (*as 'tis tradition'd me*) *was full and liberall, much above the* worth *of theſe* thoughts; *I ſilence the cauſes made them* Publique, *that makes them* Yours; *and* candor *'tis, I honour more, than* greatneſſe *in a Patron: I owe your* love *an acknowledgement,* deeds *were little enough to expreſſe it, but my aimes are crown'd, if by your* Pardon *or* Acceptance, *this ſo ſmall Booke,* profeſsione pietatis, aut laudatus erit, aut excuſatus: *Farre-well Worthy Sir:*

Tacitus in vita Iulij Agricolæ.

Shaſton: Decimo Sexto Kalendarm Aprilis.

Yours in all ſervices gladly devoted

THOMAS DRANT.

The Royall Gueſt.

REVELAT. 3. VER. 20.

Behold I ſtand at the doore, and Knock.

WEE meete here a *Royall Gueſt*, who enſtated in all the *Royalties* of Heaven, yet ſues for a welcome on earth: and wee have him in my Text.

Firſt, for Poſture, *Standing*, *I ſtand.*

Secondly, for Place: *At the doore: I ſtand at the doore.*

Thirdly, for Action: *Knocking: I ſtand at the doore and Knocke.*

BIBLIOTECA BODLEIANA

Behold I ſtand at the doore, and Knocke.

Theſe are the ſeverall Branches the bodie of this Text ſpreads into, where doe perch on every ſprigg, *Wonder* and *Mercy*: *Wonder* that GOD who

who is all *Glory*, ſhould come downe unto man who is all *vileneſſe*: *Mercy* that Man who is a foule *Cagge* of uncleanenеſſe, ſhould be made a *temple* for GOD to dwell in, who is all *Holy*; GOD and man were at *diſtance* but now, nay at *odds*, nay at *feud*, if ever any, happy is that *union*, which brings them under one *rooſe*, to one *table*: this is marveilous in our eyes, and therefore *chaun'd* in with an *Ecce* here; *Behold, I ſtand at the doore, and Knocke.*

Behold is a word of Emphaſis and Energie: if this *Starre* ſtand ore the houſe, a JESVS is within, nor points this *hand* in the *Margin*, but there's juice and ſubſtance in the *Text*: Some of ranke are in the *Palace*, where this *Porter* keepes the gate, and *fruits* not to be plucked rudely, in that *Paradice*, where this *Cherube* guardes the entry: where *Ecce* is written on the *box*, be ſure the *ointment*'s precious, ſomething of weight and moment doth march in the *reare*, if *Behold* leades up the *front*, and as the *Baptiſt* in Sacred Writ, prepares the way to it, 'tis ſo here; GOD bowes the Heavens and *comes* downe among men, nor *comes* he arm'd with thunders, cloath'd with Majeſty, darkeneſſe being his pavilion about him, as to Iſrael on Mount *Sinay*, So to *come*, would ſtrike terrour in all hearts; nor *comes* he as ſometime he *came* into his *Sanctuary*, where the *Singers went before, the players of inſtruments followed after, among them were the Damoſels playing with timbrels*; thus to *come* would be a pleaſant object to all eyes: He comes here *forma pauperis*, as a *Mendicant* who begs an *almes* for GODS ſake: He *breakes* not

Exod. 19. 16.

Pſal. 68. 23.

into

into our roomes, but *ſtands* at our doores, at whoſe leaſt breath the *gates* of hell flie open, and the barres of *iron* burſt in peeces: here is patience and humility to a miracle, and both ſtamped with an *Ecce, Behold I ſtand*, &c. Nay not a *word* here but this *daſh* of the HOLY GHOSTS quill, the *impreſſion* of this character is due unto it.

First, *I*, it were enough were I a guardian Angell to ſome Monarch below, if one from the Sacred *Quire* of the Prophets, if the leaſt among thoſe feathered *Hierarchies* above: but *I*, the *Prince* of peace, the *King* of glory, the LORD *Paramount* of Heaven and Earth. 1.

Secondly, *I ſtand*, I ſit not in my *chaire* of ſtate, I leane not on a *cuſhion* of eaſe, I roule not on *beds* of violets and *ſtrewings* of roſe-buds; but *I ſtand*, and this *poſture* of mine, ſpeakes as my *readineſſe* to enter, ſo my *patience* to awaite it. 2.

Thirdly, *I ſtand at the doore*, not in the *Hall*, where the warmth of a fire might cheere me, not in the *chamber*, where I might reſt my limbes on a couch of Ivory, but at the *doore*, without *ſhelter* or *penthouſe*; where the driſlie *ſleete* chils, and the ſtormie *tempeſt* beates upon me; where *my head is is fil'd with the dew, and my locks defil'd with the drops of the night*. 3.

Fourthly, *I ſtand at the doore and Knocke*. I *ſtand* not at the doore, as the harlot *ſate* at hers in the *Proverbs*, to tole in, gaine, and enamour the paſſinger to folly: nor *ſtand* I, as thoſe *Sodomites*, who thronged about the dores of *Lot*, to ſhed that blood which bedewes the earth, and with its ſhreekes awakens Heaven to vengeance: I *ſtand* 4. Prov. 9.14. Gen. 19.14.

not with my hands in my boſome, or my armes enfolded together, or to gaze about me, as thoſe Idlers in the Market-place: but I ſtand to *knocke*, nor give I a *rappe* and away, as a Poſt that flieth by, but as 'tis a peece of my devoire to gaine an entry, ſo I *ſtand* to it: if by any meanes, they will open to *mee*, and their owne *happineſſe*: *Behold I ſtand at the doore and Knocke.*

Now, O Lord, what is Man though retinu'de with all the pompe of greatneſſe! what the Sonnes of men, thoſe who move in the higheſt Orbes, what the whole Series and deſcent of them, even theirs, whoſe blood flowes from the nobleſt veines? What the whole cluſter and bunch of mankinde, that ſo mighty a God, at whoſe *preſence the Heavens droppe, out of whoſe mouth coales of fire devoure,* whoſe voice *rents the rockes and diſcovers the forreſts*: that hee ſhould *ſtand* at our doores and *knock*: How many roundes of *wonder* in this one Ladder, in this one chaine how many linkes of *Miracle?* what wedges of *gold* in this rich *Minerall?* I ſhall digg for ſome, and one pretious *ingot* I light on at the very head of this Mine: 'tis the partie who *ſtands* at our doore, implied in the Greeke ἑστηκα, expreſt in our Engliſh I, the *Gueſt* himſelfe; *I ſtand.*

Pſal. 68. 8. Pſal. 18. 8. Pſal. 29. 9.

I who? *I who* ſtretch out the Heavens like a curtaine, and againe make a ſack their covering, and ſhall ſhrivell them up as a parched ſcroule at the laſt day: *I who* ride upon a Cherube and flie, who flie upon the wings of the winde: *I who* have founded the earth upon the waters, and eſtabliſhed it upon the floods: *I who* have ſhut up the

Pſal. 18. 10. Pſal. 24. 2.

the Sea with dores, and made the cloud the garment thereof, and thicke darkeneſſe the ſwadling band for it: *I who* weigh the mountaines in a ballance, to *whom* the Nations are as the droppings of a bucket, *I who* dwell above the circle of the Moone, and hold the ball of the world in my hand: In a word, *I who* am *Alpha* and *Omega*, *all* full of grace and truth, in whom dwells the fullneſſe of the God-head bodily; *who* thinke it no robbery to bee equall with GOD, as being the *image* and character of his goodneſſe: *whoſe* throne is at the right hand of my Father, but my Soveraignety is throughout all ages, and to the ends of the earth: I thus rob'd with *dignity*, thus engirt with *power*, thus bedect and crown'd with Majeſty; *I ſtand.* Job 38.10.

Now ὦ τῆς ἀγαθότητος, Saint *Chryſoſtome* in a holy trance here: O the height and depth of the mercy of GOD, O the bowels and entrailes of the love of CHRIST: thou art O SAVIOVR a plant of the *Celeſtiall Eden*, what finger could plucke thee thence! A ſtone thou art cut out of the *Heavenly quarre*, but by what hand? Who could force thee from the boſome of thy Father, thy palaces of glory? Who but thy ſelfe? 'twas for us Men, and our Salvation that thou cam'ſt downe from Heaven: this *Abiſſe* of thy goodneſſe wee cannot fathome, nor meaſure its greatneſſe: wee may gueſſe at it, if we reflect, 1. On thy All-worthineſſe, 2. On our All-worthleſneſſe.

First, On thy *All-worthineſſe*: but what tongue of the learned is not *dumbe* here? CHRIST 1.

comes not for his *owne* benefit, but *ours*: we ſolace our ſelves in the diffuſed raies of the *Sunne*, but doth our looking on him, add the leaſt ſparke to his brightneſſe: the earth is enricht by the ſhowers that fall upon it, doe thoſe drops or the ground gaine? *Sure our goodneſſe extendeth not to thee, O* LORD, or ſhould wee impoveriſh our ſelves, what were our *Mite* to thy *Treaſure*? Our *Gueſt* here, is the *Heire* of all things, nor comes Hee to gaine by us, but to gaine us: Hee wants not what is ours, for His is *the Heaven, and the Heaven of Heavens, the Earth alſo, and all that therein is*: here is worth enough, as to bleſſe, ſo entrance us.

Deut. 10. 14.

2. Secondly, On our own *All-worthleſneſſe*: alaſſe; what impure *Sties*, what *Stables* of dung, what *Cabins* of filth are wee? How unworthy under whoſe roofe ſuch a *Gueſt* ſhould come? is there any beauty in us to attract his love? any comelineſſe to raviſh him unto us? None; *Miriam* was not more leaprous, never *Leopard* more ſpotty: wee are as *Homer* paints out *Therſites*, φολκὸι, φοξοὶ κεφαλὴν, χωλοὶ ἕτερον ποδὰ, One maſſe and lumpe of deformitie: Doe our garments ſmell of *Mirrh*, or are they perfumed with the *powders* of the Merchant, that with the ſavour of our *Ointments* wee may draw Him after us: No, we have on no cloathing, not a skirt to cover our nakedneſſe, or our *coate* is *pollutio panni*, *ſtaines* and *raggs*, an *uncleane thing* in the Prophet, that either way we are the *objects* either of a *frowne* or *ſcorne*: thus wallowing loathſomely in our owne *gore*, thus patcht up with *ſhreds* of filthineſſe, CHRIST now *lookes* upon

Iliad. B.

Iſa. 64. 6.

upon and *loves* us: O the over-flowings of a gra tious pitty! what channels or bankes can hold it? how freely runs it, how fully? but *love is ſtrong as death*, and by that *coard* wee might pull Him to us? Neither, how dearely wee loved Him, witneſſe His head *harrowed* with thornes, His face *blurr'd* with ſpittle, His eyes *tortured* with all ſpectacles of ſhame, His eares *board* with blaſphemies, thoſe iron plates, which pearced His hands and feete, and by which *Dido* did conjure her *Æneas*, *corpus ſanguine merſum*, His body *drowned* in blood: See here ὑπερβάλλουσαν τῆς γνώσεως ἀγάπην τοῦ χριστοῦ, as the Apoſtle phraſeth it (and 'tis a *ſtreine* of divine *elegancy*) A love not to bee ſampled or ſcand by us, above the reach of all finite Apprehenſion: but pitch our ſelves at the higheſt, our pureſt *Oare* hath its *droſſe*, our ſweeteſt *fruits* their *ſowerneſſe*, our beſt *workes* (and they too like *Salomons* Sculpture, A lillie upon a pillar, A lillie upon a pillar, rare and few) will they not weigh light in the *Scales* of the Sanctuary? *Gideons* plea, when hee was to *reſcue* Iſrael from the *Shackles* of Midian, and *ſtartled* at the Summons, it may be *ours*, who ever are the *wealthieſt* among us in ſacred *graces*, *Behold my family is poore in Manaſſeh, I am the leaſt in my Fathers houſe*: what than are wee, that ſuch a *viſit* ſhould bee given us, how poore *cottagers* to entertaine ſo great a *Landlord*? can our *tabernacles* of ſticks hold Him, whom the huge vaſtneſſe of heaven and earth containes not? Here is a *Maze*, who can *tread* it? it is not for my *pencill* to limbe in this *peece*, give mee leave than to draw a *vaile*, and

Ænead. lib. 2.

Epheſ. 3. 19.

1 King 7. 19.

Iudg. 6. 13.

paſſe, from the *Gueſt* who He is, to my firſt generall, his *Poſture* which is *Standing*: Behold I *ſtand*.

I. I *ſtand*. Firſt, *Standing* is a poſture of *Readineſſe*, Saint *Stephen* when hee was to fall under that ſhower of ſtones, ſaw the Heavens open, and Jesvs *ſtanding* at the right hand of God: we reade often that he *ſits* in the conflicts of his Church not bloodie. Hee but lookes on or helpes with eaſe: 'tis but here that He *Stands*; *Stands*, now that his Saints engag'd in a fight to death, as a Champion with his ſword girt unto his thigh, and ſo is *Ready* to enter the liſts upon the ſignall given, and though *conquer'd* to bring him off *victorious*: Christ *ſtands* at our doore in my Text, and by this *geſture* ſhewes us clearely, as if it were deſcribed by the raies of the Sunne, that with the whole traine, and quire of his graces, He is ready to enter into our hearts, if wee open unto Him: what a bleſſing is it to bee the manſions of the bleſſed Trinity, the Exchequers and Magazins of all holy endowments, the favourites and darlings of Heaven? this happineſſe, Christ is *ready* to make ours, and that wee may not miſſe it, as being bewitcht with the worlds inchantments, with what throwes and pangs of love doth Hee wiſh, *O that there were ſuch a heart in this people to feare mee alwaies!* with what patheticall Rhetorique doth hee perſwade, *Returne, returne, O Shunamite returne*: with what deepe ſighes and ſtreames of teares laments He, *O Hieruſalem, Hieruſalem, how often would I have gathered thee together, as the hen her chickens*: Christ

Acts 7.55.

Deut. 5.29.

Cant. 6.12.

Mat. 23 37.

weepes

weepes not in ſport, as thoſe two *Mimiks*, the Stage-player and the Hypocrite; it is for our weale or loſſe that waters flow from His eyes; if throbs and groanes breake from Him, 'tis, or for our ſtubborneneſſe that we will not, or for His owne deſire, that He would have us lay hold on mercy, if wee barre our gates againſt Him, Hee deplores our contumacy, but were He not willing to come in, Hee would not *ſtand* at our doores.

Secondly, *Standing* is a poſture of *Expectance*; 2.
Gehazi went in and ſtood before his Maſter; In all likelihood to *expect* what errand, he might have for him, what diſpatch to imploy him in. CHRIST *ſtands* here, His offers of love He gives not over, nor through deſpaire of prevailing on his owne, nor through churliſhneſſe of repulſe on our parts: He *ſtands* in ſpight of denials, He tries the Sea, after many Ship-wracks, puts His ſhoulder more ſtrongly to the loade, and beates ſtill at that *doore*, which He never ſaw opened: How, as in a viſible Sampler, ſhines out now the *patience* of my SAVIOVR, the *Longanimity* of my GOD: there is power in His hand, He could make an *entry* by force, but there is patience in His heart, and therefore He *ſtands*: if His words can worke upon us, Hee will ſpare His blowes, nor will Hee double theſe if at the firſt ſtripe wee cry *peccavi*: GOD in a moment can thunder downe ſinne with vengeance, and raine fire from the cloudes upon it; but if the dewes of His mercy will ſoften us, He will not powre out of the viols of His plagues: nor will Hee blow the trumpet to warre without a *parlee*, or wee refuſe the often proffers of

2 King. 5. 25.

of a happy peace: Every Story is a Chronicle of this truth, and the whole world the practiſe, nor need I bee bankrupt of inſtances, One *Iſrael* is able to furniſh mee: obſerve the degrees of their obſtinacy, what a *climax* there is in it: *I have ſpread out my hands all the day to a rebellious people*: the whole day, beate it out to its utmoſt dimenſions, I wreſtle with them by my bounty, and gaine not; but what ſay you to yeares, a long leaſe of them; *Forty yeares long was I greeved with this generation and ſaid, it is a people that doe erre*, &c. In halfe the time, I could have greeved every veine of their hearts, ſo long they grieve my ſoule, and I am patient: would man bee ſo to his brother, when an injury heats his blood? but my plea againſt theſe is from their very cradle and firſt ſtone of their city: *The children of Iſrael, and the children of Iudah, have onely done evill before mee from their youth up; And this cittie hath beene to mee a provocation of my anger and fury, from the day that they built it*: where is that *Plato* now, whoſe cheekes choler never died? where that *Socrates*, who never ſpake ſtormes, but ſmiles, not when *Zantippe* comes like a tempeſt upon him: where that *Iob*, who entangled in ſo many Labyrinths of woes, in thoſe windings loſt not his patience, nor himſelfe: the patience of man may bee great, but matcht with GODS, how ſmall a drop is it to that Ocean? How weake a glimmering to that Sun, How faint a beating to that life? write it on the tablets of your hearts, and ſet it up, as a trophee of his due praiſe, GOD onely is *patient*

Iſa. 65. 2.

Pſal. 95. 10.

Jer. 32. 30, 31.

Diog. Laert. vit. Philoſ lib. 2.

at

at the evils, and *gratious* unto the ſinnes of men; O that ſpiders ſhould ſucke venome out of ſo ſweete a flower! or becauſe hee is not quick with them, *Atheiſts* ſay He is ſlack, and aske in ſcorne, Where is the promiſe of His comming? not to wander after theſe *ignes fatui*: CHRIST Hee *ſtands* at our doores as yet, will He doe alwaies ſo? the Sunne that ſhines will it never ſit? the day is cleare, may not a cloud black it? GODS jealouſie is not quickly incenſt, but if once kindled, will all the rivers of the *South* quench it? bee wiſe than, and before wrath come forth, and burne like fire, have teares of Penitence in ſtore to quench it: whilſt it is day, worke, when GOD cals ſpeake, whilſt He *ſtands* open: He who *ſtands* now, may be gone, eſpecially if he *ſtand* without a covert, in the ſtreet, at the *doore*, which is my ſecond generall, the *Place*.

Behold I ſtand at the *doore*: If ſome *Grandee* of the State ſtood there, if ſome *magnifico* ſwolne with titles, would we not haſt to open, and thinke ſuch a preſence an honour to us? this wee would doe to the *Nimrods* of the world, and *Peeres* of the earth: Behold One is here to whom the greateſt *Monarch* is more baſe, than the baſeſt *Boare* to the greateſt Monarch, one who knocks importunately, why ſhut wee Him out, why are *doores* blockt up againſt Him? O our lunacy and madneſſe! *Satan* angles for us, with a baite of honours, wee are caught, the *world* as pleaſingly gives us the muſicke of gaine, wee are charm'd. the *fleſh* unvailes a beauty, a peece of clay more I.

handsomely attired, vvee burne: *Riches* are but the garbage of the earth, we dig into its entrals for them; *pleasures* are but a flower, garish to the eye, soone vvithered, Our senees are captivated with their smell; *Dignities*, as Saint *Augustine* censures them, are but a light fume, a breath of the chops, a fleshly paire of bellowes, vvee are hot in the sent of these, and for all keepe open *house*: CHRIST in respect of whom, and those endowments He brings with Him, all things else, as *Plato* stampes them, are οὐδὲν καὶ οὐδενὸς ἄξια, nothing and nothing worth; He sues, as in the *Canticles*, *Open unto mee, my Love, my Sister, my Vndefiled*: Open the *doore* of thy soule O my unspotted *Church*, let me come and dwell with thee in my *Graces*: here wee or coine excuses for delay, as the *Spouse* now, *I have put off my coate, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet how shall I defile them?* or wee out Him into our stables with the *Bethlemites* anon, as having no roome in the *Inne* of our hearts for Him.

Aug. de civit. Dei. lib 3 cap. 17.

Cant. 5.3.

2. CHRIST yet, but in the *closet* of our hearts, will take up no *lodging* in us: and to this the *doore* alludes here, so runs the streame of Expositors; not the *doores* of our lips we are bid open, though these too, but the *doore* of our hearts; GOD askes the roote of this, not the rinde and shell of those: *My Sonne give me thy heart*; not thy *wisedome*, for all the treasures of it are in my selfe, not thy *wealth*, for the earth is mine and the fullnesse thereof, not thy *greatnesse*, for 'tis I who make to inherit the throne of glory; not an *outside*, a plausible varnish of devotion, the *eye* glotted up to Heaven,

Psal. 50.

1 Sam. 2.8.

Heaven, the *knee* kiſſing the earth, the *hand* martyring the breaſt, a talent of talke, without a mite of charity, but thy *Heart*: *Æſchines* brought the beſt guift, who gave himſelfe to his Maſter, and *Socrates* priz'd it above the coſtlier preſents of his other Schollers: thy *heart* is a jewell, give it to thy GOD, this ſmall pibble is of more worth vvith him, than vvhole rocks of Diamonds, this one living ſtone than the quarries of the vaſt world; all thy offerings are but Sacriledges and Sorceries without it, all thy front of holineſſe but dawbe and morter: all is not man-hood, that lookes big, and ſpits fire as it ſpeakes, nor is all beautie, vvhich the ſumptuous art of a trimming ſets forth: there is a dreſſe and paint of holineſſe, GOD will vvaſh it away vvith a flood of brimſtone, for vvithout the *heart* no colours can take him: As mans *heart* is, ſuch is he, if this bee foild, laide ore thou maiſt bee with a vermilion die, *but* GOD *ſhall ſmite thee thou painted wall*: if this bee pure, thou art all white as the ſnow on *Salmon*, no juice of *Iſop* can cleanſe thee more, and ſure GOD is beſt pleas'd vvith his owne worke which is that לב טהור *Davids* Orizons flew up for, *Create a cleane heart in mee O* LORD: GOD gives thee this, and give it Him againe or keepe all. Keepe thy *almes*, though almes bee a ſweete perfume in His noſtrils, thy *prayers*, though prayer bee as incenſe in His ſight, thy *faſting*, though faſting bee the Armour of true penitence, thy thouſand of Rams to make fat, thy ten thouſand rivers of oile to glad His altars: A wreath of glory waites on our *Almes-deeds*,

Seneca de Beneficijs lib. 1.

Acts 13.3.

Pſal. 51.10.

as they are diſpenc'd by *charity*, the Almoner of faith: theſe ſhee doth *diſperſe* abroad, and they come laden home vvith ſheaves of bliſſe from the plentifulleſt fields, *for a good eye ſhall be bleſſed of* GOD; but what are good workes without the pittie of the *heart*, this temple muſt ſanctifie this gold, or as *Daniel* told *Balthaſher*, ſo GOD us, *Keepe thy rewards to thy ſelfe, and give thy gifts to another*: *Prayer* is a heavenly Dialogue, or the ſoules colloquy with its Maker; 'tis a chaine, whoſe linkes doe reach from Heaven to Earth, and by which wee pull downe GOD to us, *For* GOD *is nigh to all that call upon Him*, nay in S. *Baſils* phraſe, 'tis τὸ Θεῖ ἐνοίκησις, a GOD dwelling in us: but vvhat are our prayers vvithout the devotion of the *heart*? this is the wine muſt ſeaſon thoſe bottles, or we babble in vaine, nay to our hurt, and beg not a bleſſing, but a curſe, as *Bias* told the Marriners in a ſtorme, when ſayling with them, they vvere on their knees to their gods, *Silete, ne vos hic illi navigare ſentiant*: the Jewes honour GOD with their lips alone, what's the iſſue, when *ye ſpread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you, when ye make many prayers I will not heare*: One vving in *Auguſtine* by vvhich our prayers doe ſoare on high, is *Faſting*, nor is it a muſhroome of a daies growth, 'tis of an ancient ſtock, fetching its pedigree from *Paradice*; vvhere the firſt man forbad the tree of Knowledge, vvas in that injoyn'd a law of *Abſtinence*: many are the rich encomioms where-with 'tis rob'd in Antiquitie, Saint *Cyprian* ſhall ſpeake for all: *By faſting the ſinke of vice is dried up*,

Prov. 22.9.

Pſal. 145.18.

Baſil in Epiſt. ad Gregor.

Diog. Laert. de vit. Phil. lib. 1.

Iſa. 1.15.

Aug. in Pſal. 42

Cypr. de jeju. Chriſti.

up, wantonneſſe waxeth cold, concupiſcences grow faint, and pleaſures like fugitives runne away: but what is faſting without a contrite *heart?* vvhat is it to tame the fleſh, if this mutine within us? what to graſpe this ſhadow, if we fathom not that ſubſtance; if that *Iebuſite* be not ſubdu'd vvithin thee, in vaine doeſt thou macerate thy body into a skeleton, bury it in a ſhrowde of ſackcloth, and inſtead of ſweete Odours beſprinkleſt it vvith Aſhes; *For is it ſuch a faſt as I have choſen, a day for a man to bow downe his head like a bullruſh?* When vve faſt at once from meats and ſinnes, as Saint *Ambroſe* ſpeakes, vvhen vve beate downe the bodie, to keepe the mind chaſt, this is the life of a true *faſt* and that which *crownes* it: not to muſter up other inſtances, thus much in groſſe: As the trace of a cloud, ſo all our goodneſſe ſhall vaniſh, how-ere wee parget and ſleeke it ore, where the *heart* is not right: *is thy heart right,* ſaith *Iehu,* when he would feele the pulſe of *Iehonadab* how it beate towards him, *give mee thy hand,* thus man doth judge the roote by the fruits: *is thy hand right,* ſaith GOD, is there no jugling, no impoſture, no legerde-maine in what thou doeſt; *Give mee thy heart,* thus GOD doth judge the fruits by the roote: and ſure all the *wheeles* are ſet on going by this *Primum mobile,* all the *Planets* moove, as this *Sphere* turnes; the whole *infantery,* the foot are lead up by this man of valour, the *Heart,* every member of the body, ſaies to it, as the *Iſraelites* to *Ioſhuah, All thou commandeſt us, wee will doe, and whitherſoever thou ſendeſt us*

Iſa. 58. 5.

Ambr. Ser. 33.

2 King. 10. 15.

Ioſh 1. 16.

wee will goe: onely the LORD *be with thee:* and doubt not, but GOD will bee with it, if it bee His, if it be not, He hath the more wrong, for He bought it dearely, it coſt Him that blood, one drop whereof was worth a million of worlds, it was a ſpittle of filth, He hath made a pallace of righteouſneſſe, *Satan* had his throne there, Hee hath bound this ſtrong man and caſt him forth: ſo that now 'tis His owne houſe by *purchaſe*, by *conqueſt*: who than dares to keepe Him out? who ſo litigiouſly given, as not to open, when Hee knocks? which is my third generall, the Action it ſelfe, *I Knock: Behold I ſtand at the doore and Knocke.*

Κρούω in the Originall, from κέρας ſay *Etymologiſts*, a *Metaphor* taken from beaſts, whom nature hath armed with hornes to ſtrike: no creature is without its weapons, either to ward of from himſelfe, or to thruſt with a blow at others: the *Armadillo* on land hath his hard skinne for a coate, the *Tortoiſe* in the Sea, his as hard a ſhell for a covering, the timerous *Roe* his ſwift feet to flie, the wary *Fox* his Labyrinths, to hide from danger: the *Baſiliſk* hath an eye to kill, the *Dragon* a breath to poiſon, the *Scorpion* a ſting to wound: the *Boare* roots up with his tuſk, the *Griffins* teare with their nailes, the *Eagle* with her talons rends in peeces, and the *Bulls* of *Baſhan* puſh ſtrongly with the horne: to knocke is *tropically* taken here, and borrowed from theſe, and it implies a *mighty ſtroake*, as a *blow* from a ſinew'd *neck*, or thoſe *hornes* of iron, which *Zedekiah* made, when he betraid himſelfe to errour by a falſe *ſpirit*, by the

gull

gull of a falſe victory he cheated *Ahab*, and told him, *with theſe ſhalt thou puſh the Syrians, till thou have conſumed them:* 'tis than a *knock* with force and all GOD's are ſo, let us ranke them into their ſeverall files. 1 King. 22. 11.

1. *Word.* Rom. 1. 16. Mat 7. 29.

Firſt, GOD *knocks* by the Miniſtery of His Wørd, this is a *knock* of power, and His, who *knocks* with Authority, for ſuch is His Word, and ſo He teacheth, what ſtrong holds will not this engine pull downe? what bulwarks of humane pollicie not ſcale, what rampiers of fleſh and blood not raze and dig through? *it caſts downe*, ſaith Saint *Paul* (and hee ſpeakes it as an *Oracle*) *every high thing that exalts it ſelfe againſt the knowledge of* GOD, *and brings into captivity every thought to the obedience of* CHRIST: Men have fore-heads of *Stone*, necks vein'd with *Adamant*, hearts rib'd with *Marble*, theſe cannot bleed, nor thoſe bow, nor tother bluſh, the Word is a *hammer* to breake this *rock* a peeces, a *fire* to melt it into *ſoftneſſe*, a *rod* to make waters of *penitence* guſh out from it: Men ſtop their eares like the *Adder*, the *One* they couch to the *ground*, ramme into it ſtore of covetous dirt; the *Other* they cloſe up with their winding *tale*, fill it with carols and rounds of luſt; Even theſe Serpents have beene charm'd by the *Word*, 'tis heavenly incantations have undeaft them, they have danced to the pipe of the *Goſpell*, the ſilver bels of *Aaron* have raviſht them out of their ſelves, and now no muſick to the ſweet ſongs of *Sion*: how unfruitfull a ſoile is mans ſoule, how barren a peece of earth, till the *Word diſtills as the dew upon it*, and then

2 Cor. 10. 5.

Jer. 23. 29.

Exod. 17. 6.

than O the happy fruits of a few drops! is the heart *malitious?* no knee can beg a pardon of it, as ſoone wee may calme the Sea, when all the windes are in an uproare: is it *covetous?* no balme can ſupple it to pittie, none art extract a mite from it: is it *ambitious*, and will we ſtay its careere! as well we may ſtop the lightning: is it *factious?* all the harmony of Heaven cannot ſing it into peace: is it *fruitleſſe*, as ſoone we may plow the waters and expect a crop thence: is it *hard*: what meanes can mollifie it? what oile here, what vineger there? Behold, the *Word drops as the raine upon it*; *as the ſmall raine upon the tender herbe, and as the ſhowers upon the graſſe*: ſtraight this *flint* ſoftens into *fleſh*, theſe *jars* kiſſe in a ſweet *concord*, this rough *Ocean* doth ceaſe to rage, that *Gilboah* is cloath'd in *Greene*, where but now no blade was, not a leafe of *graſſe* to apparell it: as if a new ſoule were breath'd into him, ſuch a change is in the whole man: *quantum mutatus ab illo*: *Zacheus* is mercifull, *Paul* tame as a lambe, *Ahab* puts ſack-cloth upon his fleſh, *Felix* trembles like an Aſpen leafe: *Peter* taken from the nets, doth catch a thouſand and a thouſand ſoules at a draught, nay the world is won to the faith, not by the *Sages* of Ægypt, but the *refuſe* of Iury, the *Rabbies* with theſe, with thoſe the *Magi* are maſter'd by them; *the words of Fiſhermen are reade*, ſaith *Auguſtine, but the necks of Oratours are ſubdu'd*: that *Romane Chieftaine* might not more boaſt his *veni, vidi, vici*, than they, they conquer'd as many nations as they ſaw: not *ore gladij*, with the edge of the ſword, this can but gaſh the fleſh, at moſt make

Deut. 32. 2.

Ænead. lib. 1.

Serm. 59. de verbis Domini.

A. Hirtij de bello Alexand. commient.

a *gappe* for the ſoule to ſtep out at; but *gladius* the keene blade of the *Word*, which divides betweene the ſoule and the ſpirit, no other weapon can pierce ſo deepe, not that fiery one, with which the *Cherubins* kept the paſſage of *Paradice*: not a *heart* within theſe wals; but GOD now *knocks* at it by this *Word*, though not by this onely: for

Secondly, GOD knocks by His *Mercies*: His *Merties*! A theame for Angels to deſcant on, the ſweeteſt Attribute of the *Deitie*, the alone object of His delight; *Heaven* were as *Hell* without it, and all approach to His Throne, *Death*; whom would not Majeſty ſwallow up, did not mercy temper it? we are conſumed with His fires, as He is *a Capitoll of juſtice*, but we flie into His boſome, as He is *an Aſylum of mercy*; and the beſt *Sanctuary* Hee is, nay joyes to be ſo: *Tully* ſpeakes it of himſelfe, and take him as the Embleme of a good judge; *Partes lenitatis miſericordiæque ſemper egi libenter, gravitatis ſeveritatiſque perſonam non appetivi*. I willingly acted the parts of mildneſſe, the bent of my nature was this way; the Publique good is at ſtake, and the dignity of the Empire to be reſcued, when I put on the perſon of ſeverity! if GOD ſtrike, as our ſinnes may force a weapon into His hands, He ſtiles it a *ſtrange worke*, *a ſtrange Act*: Auſterity is no conſort of His, no familiar, little acquaintance He hath with it, nor glories He to have any: *etiam juſtiſſimis pœnis illachrymat*, as *Suetonius* of *Veſpatian*, he doom'd not to the moſt juſt puniſhment with drie cheekes, not like that bloodie *Maſſalla*, who in one day having ſtrooke off foure thouſand heads (ſo *Valerius* reckons them) vaunts

2. *Mercy.*

Orat. pro Luc. Murena.

Iſa. 28. 21.

Suet. Tranq. de Veſp. Aug. cap 15.

Valer. lib. 11.

it among those piles of crankasses, ὀνειρατωδέστερον. O Act worthy a King! no such tyrannie in our GOD, of whom all the heavenly Coiristers chaunt it, and let us beare a part with them: *The* LORD *is gratious and full of compassion, slow to anger and of great mercie, the* LORD *is good to all and His tender mercies are above all His workes:* what above all His workes? that starry roofe over our heads, and those millions of tapers which burne there? this pavement of thy workmanship, O LORD, we tread on, every the least inch of it, the *whole earth is full of thy goodnesse:* but doth it reach to that height, which to looke on, tires the eye by the way? that precious vault wherewith thou hast walled in this inferiour globe? *Heaven* is high, nine hundred miles upwards, say some, five hundred yeares journey, say others, who have calculated curiously, is thy *Mercy* so? can it ore-top this *Pyramid*? He who said it, could speake it without an *Hyperbole, Thy mercy, O* LORD, *is in the Heavens, Psal.* 36. it than equals them for *site* here, but it transcends them there, is ἐν ὑπερβολῇ now, *Thy mercy is great above the heavens, Psal.* 108. the whole world is a huge tome and volume of these *mercies*, a large Map of them, an Abstract and Epitome of all: was one Israel, they were abrig'd into that little table, one *Iacob*, his portion: we have their catalogue drawne up by *Moses: He kept him as the apple of his eye, he bare him on his wings as an Eagle, he gave him the increase of the fields, he made him suck honey out of the rocke, and oyle out of the flinty rocke, fed him with butter of kine, and milke of sheepe, with fat of Lambs, and Rams of the breed of Bashan.* May I speake it to the conscience

Psal. 145. 8.

Psal. 119. 64.

Psal. 36. 5.

Psal. 108. 4.

Deut. 32. 14.

of

of every one here, who hath not *tasted and seene, that the* LORD *is good? Psal.* 34. 8. whom amongst vs hath He not *drawne with the cords of men, the bands of love?* as He did his *Owne in Hosea:* we sit every man under his own vine, and beake our selves in the Sun-shine of an *Halcion* peace; the red sea of warre is dried to our feet, nor see we the garments roul'd in blood: we eate the finest of the wheate flower, our presses burst with new wine: our garners are full of store, our bones of marrow, our bellies of GODS hid treasures: our vines hang full of clusters, our meadowes shoote up their grasse, our vallies are covered over with corne, they shoote for joy and sing: we cannot say, as the *Prince* of the *Apostles, silver and gold have we none,* we can, as *Pindarus* did of the citie *Rhodes,* the King of the gods ῥεῖχε πολὶν χρυσαῖς ἱμάδοις, every tide waves in rich Ore unto us, and every way showers of *mercy* distill on our heads, more pretious than *those dewes of Hermon, which fell upon the hils of Sion:* these are blessed *knockings,* if they miscarry, will GOD leave us so? no, He will *knock* more sharply yet, with a more smarting blow, by His Afflictions: these are *knocks* of *mercy* too, if we surveigh aright *Them* or our *Selves.*

Hos. 11 14.

Psal. 65. 3.

Od. 7.

Afflictions.

First, *Them,* they are indeed the stroakes of justice properly, as a reall *Sermon,* by which GOD doth preach unto us the vilenesse of our sins and His loathing of them: they are eventually a pawne of love, for as those *floods* rise, so with them the *Arke* of the Church is more lifted up to *Heaven,* by these rough *racks,* as *Ionathan* to the garrison of the *Philistins,* the Saints climbe up, as by *staires* to

1.

glory: *croſſes* are rough and pricklie, they are waters of *marah*, as draughts of Hemlock to an unhallowed pallat: but there is an unction of joy, that ſupples them them to the godly, honey is ſuckt by them from theſe thiſtles, and now here is *Sampſons* riddle without a miſtery, *Out of the eater comes meate, and out of the ſtrong comes ſweet:* that *Abſynthium* which ſmarts our eye clears it, and we thank that paine which gives us ſight: the way to cleanſe thy ſore, may bee to launce and tent it to the quick, and to dead thy feſtring fleſh thou bidſt a free welcome, even to ſearings and cauteries: to purge out my groſſe humours, I ask not for ſugred but working potions, nor will I diſtaſt their bitterneſſe, though intermingled with gall: he ſhall die without my pittie, who will languiſh rather under a wilfull ſickneſſe, than venture on a harſh remedie: A ſound body may houſe a crazie ſoule, and 'tis a rare one, that hath not ſome notable maladie: One ſwels with a *tympany* of pride, that reeles with the *ſtaggers* of drunkenneſſe; this rots with a *conſumption* of envie, tother thirſts with a *dropſie* of Avarice, in many the *whole heart* is ſicke; croſſes are our beſt *medicines*, what if their reliſh diſpleaſe us? it is enough that they are *ſovcraigne*, though not *ſavoury*; if they are *wholeſome*, why are we *ſqueamiſh?* who loves his *taſt*, above his *health*, may hee be diſeas'd ſtill.

2. Secondly, ſift we our ſelves, and thoſe *knockings*, which go againſt the graine, weigh how they work to our good, and how in them GOD doth *croſſe* us with a *bleſſing!* *Nihil infelicius eo, cui nihil unquam evenit adverſi*, it was the Heroicall voice of

Cur bonis viris mala eveniant Sen.

Demetrius,

Demetrius, ſaith *Seneca*: never to be miſerable is the greateſt unhappineſſe: ſhould *Proſperity* alwaies caſt *ſweetning dewes* in his face, ſhould a *ſmooth gale* ever fill his ſailes, what an elated *meteor* would man grow to, how would this *Coloſſe* ore-ſtradle the world? *Alexander* if he be *Great*, ſome flatterers of his court (and theſe *burs* ſtill cleave to the coates of *greatneſſe*) will intitle him to immortality, and ſay, he is a *god*: we are eaſily *'befool'd* to an over-valuing of our ſelves, ſo was he, untill wounded with a dart; *Anaxarchas* askes him *Laertius*, himſelfe in *Plutarch* tels thoſe about him, this is not

Diog Laert. de vita Phil lib 3. Plut. Apothegm.

Ἰχὼρ, οἷος πὲρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσι.

Ιλιαδ. ε.

Such a *juice* as drops from the veines of the *gods*: As mens *pompe*, ſo their *mindes* riſe, theſe are *higher*, as that is more *lackey'd*: how can it be full *ſea* in the thoughts, if the *ebb* be low in the ſtate, or to whom the world is *imbitter'd*, will they *ſuck* vanity from her *breaſts*? this knockes at the rich mans doore, nor lies it on a pad of ſtraw, but a bed of downe: *Eaſe ſlayeth the fooliſh*, it puſs up this *bladder* of winde, if plenty *waft* in a high *tide* to him, and but what is in thoſe *Aires*, the world *fan's* on his cheekes, other happineſſe he knowes none: what more *endeeres* our *home* unto us, than our wants *abroad*? as but for the enterchange of *cold* & *winter*, who would long for the *ſpring*, though for ornament the moſt gorgeous ſeaſon of the yeare? the *Prodigall*, when he feedes on huſks, than thinkes on his Fathers houſe, as at the thought of *Ægypt* and her fleſh-pots, *Iſrael* loaths *Canaan* it ſelfe: where do our deſires breathe ſo ſhort of Heaven, as where

Pro. 1. 23.

Vsury sits wrapt in furs, where *bravery* *sailes* in tissues and embroideries, where *opulencie* showres downe in *fleeces* of gold, where honours fawne, and all things flow in an *euer prosperous* abundance: such a wretchednesse it is to be too happy: *Minutius* beares away the *palme* of a glorious victory, and all *Rome* *ecchoes* as one *Theatour* in his praises *Fabius* his wise Colleague than feares him most, and most justly, for said that famous *Oratour*, in a more famous *Senate*, the *Areopage* at Athens, *Isocr. Areop.* συναπολλυσι τοῖς μὲν πλουτοῦσι καὶ ταῖς δυναστείαις ὕβρις καὶ μετὰ ταύτης ἀκολασία: *Insolency* is lodged under a *high-built* fortune, your *sober* minde in one *low* roofe: *pride* is usually the child of *riches*, and in the *seate* of honour sits *hautinesse*: 'tis the misery of *meane* ones, not to bee *thought* men, and 'tis the misery of *great* ones not to *thinke* there is a GOD: *Ephraim* not accustomed to the yoake, may turne the heele, but *Israel* *being smitten*, *seekes after* GOD *early*: Psal 78.34. *Davids* sweetest songs were his *lachrymæ*, this *Saint* in a tempest how *crest-fallen* is his devotion, when he lies at hull at home! and therefore *it is good for me* Psal. 119.71. *that I was in trouble*: it was good for *Naaman* that he was a Leaper, but by his leaprosie he had not knowne *Elisha*, nor GOD, but by his Prophet; it was good for *Paul*, that he had σκόλοψ τῇ σαρκὶ, a stub in the flesh, hee might through his heavenly *rapture*, have beene enamour'd on himselfe, but for those *corasives* of sharpe sufferings: Even the *worst* men may be made *good* by sufferings, they make the *good happy*; and so expect not their patience onely but cheerefullnesse; Every bird can chirpe it in a temperate *Aire*, give me those notes

are

are carol'd in the midſt of a ſtorme, not an *Epicures ſpleene* but claps his wanton *ſides* in the midſt of his jollity, but O that inimaginable joy of *Martyrs*, which made them ſing at the ſtake! never repine we, let them glad us rather, at thoſe beatings, which humble us here, to exalt us hereafter, the *rod* is worthy to be kiſt, which doth laſh out our folly: if therefore the *ſound* of thy Word pearce not my dull eares, if I ſpeake not at the raviſhing *knock* of thy bleſſings, knock on, till I not heare but ſmart, but ſtill in *Mercy*, O LORD and not in *judgement*, and this is GODS fourth way of Knocking.

Fourthly, GOD knocketh by His Judgements, whether at the next doore, or our owne. 4.

Firſt, if at the next, His *ſtroakes* there, are *caveats* to us; if others are beate, thou art warn'd: *Sodome* and thoſe cities of the plaine, which were mixt with cloudes of pitch, and heapes of Aſhes, πρόκεινται δεῖγμα at the ſeventh of *Iude*, are *items* to all; to all who have fronts of whoredomes, that in thoſe legible characters they may ſpell what GOD meanes to themſelves; to all too, who have hearts of fleſh, and looke on thoſe monuments of vengeance, as Sea-men do on ſhelves, to *ſhun* them: *Remember Lots wife*, ſhe is made a ſtatue to thee, a pillar of *Salt* to this end, *ut ſuo te exemplo condiret*, as Saint *Auguſtine* warbles it, to *ſeaſon* thee by her example, to *ſcare* thee by her doome too, for 'tis the propertie of Salt, δάκνειν καὶ λυπεῖν τὰς ἕλκυς: So that great Ornament of the Greek Church Saint *Chryſoſtome*: the *Galileans* blood *Pilate* mingled with their ſacrifices, they were offered up with their Holocauſts: CHRIST told of this tragedie, ſamples 1.

Χρυσ. εἰς τὸ κατὰ Ματθ. Εὐαγγέλ. Ὁμιλ. 12.

it

it with another of eighteene, on whom the tower of *Shiloe* fell, and buried them under its ruinous heapes: ſad ſpectacles both, and of both that great *Paſtour* and *Biſhop* of our ſoules makes this holy uſe: *Except yee repent, yee ſhall all likewiſe periſh*: happy he, whom others harmes make wiſe, and whom they teach not, he may want not *griefe*, but *pittie*: *Lamech* ſlaies a man to his wounding, and a young man to his hurt, nor could the *Preſident* of *Caine* take of his edge from blood-ſhed: wee need no *Iury* to paſſe upon him, no judge to *ſentence* him for this, his own mouth hath done it: if *Caine ſhall be avenged ſeven fold, ſure Lamech ſeventie and ſeven fold*: how often are men *ſwallowed* up of thoſe judgements, they ſee to *ingulfe* others, and *ſleight* them: *Oportet abietem ululare, quia cecidit cedrus*; if the *Cedar* fall, let the *firre-tree* howle, the next blow ſtocks up that too: the *cloud* may gather a farre of, and ſome fury of the *ſtorme* may breake on our heads: the *Sword* which is *drunke* with blood yonder, will perhaps *quaffe* thine, the *Peſtilence* which deſtroies in the next Citie, what *garriſons* can keepe it out of this? if my neighbours *houſe* be on *fire*, ſhall I warme my hands at the *flame*? may not thoſe *ſparkes* catch my *rooſe*? let a *Nero* ſing, when *Rome* burnes, by anothers loſſes, I ſhall collect mine owne, what they may be, how neere to *arreſt* me, *Smite a ſcorner and the ſimple will beware*: may others ingroſſe all the *skill* of *Ægypt*, let me be bleſt with this *ſimplicity*, no vatican or Library of the world is enricht with ſo true wiſe-dome: for who *bleeds* at anothers hurt doth in that *foreſtall* his owne, if that puniſhment makes thee wary,

Luke 13. 5.

Gen 4 24.

Pro. 19. 25.

wary, which lies at the next thine thinke, be sure, it shall not step one thine other wise.

Secondly, God knocks by his judgements at our owne doores. His knocks of *mercy*, are as the raine that comes downe upon the mowen grasse, not with noise enough to rouse us: the knocks of *Afflictions* gall us, but wound not, these arrowes strike, but stick not in us, with some little paines we shake them off, *non hæret intra lethalis arundo*: the knock of judgement, though at the next wicket, is out of our hearing, and therefore out of our care, yet is it not for want of *sound* in that, but for want of *eares* in us: but these knocks at our owne *gates*, no bars of iron can hold out against them, no heart so knotty, but they cleave it. God smites another and we keepe aloofe from His soare, ἐκ βολὴν, μὴ τις ἐφ' ἡμέτερον ἕλκος ἵκηται, as *Homer* doth advise warily: or we looke upon His *Plagues*, but with *Davids* friends, those oylie *Sycophants* of his court rather, wee stand a farre off: make the case our owne: our wounds corrupt and stink, our loines are filled with a loathsome disease, we call in haste, O for some soveraigne *Balsames*, O for some gentle *Baths* to wash me, O for some good *Samaritan* to poure in wine and oile: poore *Troy* his lodge flames about his eares, wee will not heave at a bucket to quench it, a few sticks we tell him, and some clay, will rebuild him as goodly a tabernacle: Let his palace of *Cedar* burne, or his fields of barley be set on fire, what *Iob* will not rise? whether not runne? whom not affront with the injury? this disease is *Epidemicall*, God may scourge those about us with whips of Scorpions, if our own

2. Sam. 14. 31.

Virg. Ænead

Lipsi. de Constant. lib. 1. cap 1.

Iuven. Sat. 4.

2.

fidem ate not *Salmoneus* with those stripes, wee still so like it, all is *Comedie* with us, our instruments are turned to guns, and there is that *Ignis ericius*, which still miscarries us, evill is not within our dwellings, and we say it shall not come nigh them; but now that it is come, will it not dishearten and turne us into stone as it did *Lot*'s wife looking on the wall did *Balthasser*? who flatter themselves with a *supersedeas* from all arrest, or that they can put off judgement till a hundred yeares after, as the judges of *Athens*, so *Aul. Gellius* stories it, bound ore a woman for the triall of her cause, when they could not *sentence* it, who descants on others falls, without the least reflex to their owne merits, or turne taile, like a weather-cock in a gentle calme, when GOD *scourges* them by His mercies, where will they hide them, in what rocks, under what mountaines, *when* GOD *will be known by the judgement that he executeth*, and at their owne *homes*? GOD speakes to us in a still voice, as to *Elijah* on Mount *Horeb*, yet will not heare, He will be heard when He speakes not in, or out of the fierce place of thunder, when he speakes not to the *eare* only, but the *sense* it selfe, as to *Pharaoh* in the voice of his signes; so those plagues are still'd, which came in with a *miracle*, and went out in *blood*, a Sea of blood, he must hope for, to drowne *Endymions* sleepe in *Thessaly*, when thunders startle not, and those strokes of judgements, heavier than of axes and hammers; if the *Lyon* roare in the forrest, doe not the beasts feare? if this sword hang but by a haire ore his head, if already sheath'd in his bowels, can *Damocles* relish his viands?

Aul. Gellius 12.7.

Psal. 9.16.

1 King. 19.3.
Psal. 8.7.

Deut. 4.8.

Ἐλλην.

Horat. Odar. lib. 3. Od. 1.

viands: who dare forge in the *wilderes* of vice, when GOD shewes on them the *words* of His prodegies as the Originall emphatically: such words as *darkeneſſe* black as hell, and *frogs* in the chambers of their Kings, and *lice* in all their quarters, and *locuſts* without number, did *ſpeake* to the Ægyptians, and that in a *language*, that was both *heard* and *felt*: felt to, not as a goade that pricks the skinne only, and ſmarts the fleſh, but as a flaile of iron, that doth bruiſe in peeces: O thoſe immaleable ſoules, whom theſe blowes riſt not! I ſhould ſtagger in my beleefe, whether any ſuch are, but that I know there have beene: their Obſtinacy is chronicled, reade it and bleſſe your ſelves, *Ier.5.ver.3. Thou haſt ſmitten them, but they have not greeved, thou haſt conſumed them, but they have made their faces harder than a rock*: So Saint *Auguſtine* upbraideth the ſeduct *Pagans*: *Perdidiſtis utilitatem calamitatis, miſeri facti eſtis, & peſſimi permanſiſtis*: wickednesſe makes you wretched, wretchednesſe makes you worſe, ſo the fruits of your calamities die in their touch, and like thoſe by the *Lake Aſphalites* crumble into Aſhes: theſe Oakes will not bow, they ſhall breake, may I ſwimme through a river of brimſtone, wade through a torrent of Sulphure, to be eternally happy and with my GOD: but what *Heraldry* can blazon their woes, what *pencill* paint them, who are under the *ſcourge* here, and under the *curſe* for ever? as they muſt be, at whoſe dores *judgements* doe knocke without *grace*: which is GODS firſt and laſt way of knocking.

Pſal.105.27, 28,29.

Jer.5.3.

De civit Dei lib.2.cap.33.

Ioſeph. de bello Iudaico lib.5. cap.5.

5. *Spirit.*

GOD fiftly knocks by the ſweet inſpirements

of His holy Spirit: from whom are ſuggeſtions to holineſſe, excitements to penitence, and powerfull workings on the heart to faith: theſe motions are that voice in *Iſai.* we heare behind us, ſaying, Iſa.30.21. *This is the way, walke in it*: a voice audible to all within the pale of the Church, even thoſe falſe fires of Religion, which but glow in it: theſe have their pangs of zeale, their quames of devotion, their flaſhes of holineſſe, and from this Spirit are all theſe, how-ever nick-nam'd: this Spirit enkindled thoſe ſparks, when *Herod* did many things, Mark.6.20. and heard the Baptiſt gladly: when rapt with *Pauls* ſanctified ſtraines, *Agrippa* was at the point Acts 26.28. to turne Chriſtian; but it blew them up into a flame, when *Gamaliels* Scholler is *non-pluſt* ſpight of his ſubtle diſputes, and made a Proſelyte with thoſe, whom but now he martyr'd: if we thinke a good thought, it is grace infuſed, ſo Saint *Auguſtine* the devout *patron* of it, if we ſpeake a good word, it is grace effuſed, if we doe a good worke, it is grace diffuſed; now what is done by grace, the Spirit doth it, whoſe royall Epitheton and character it is, The *Spirit* of *grace*: there is a Zach 12.10. *Spirit* of *giddineſſe*, it rules much in ſome braine-ſick *hot-ſpurs*, whom it doth poſſeſſe at once with a zealous phrenſie, and caſt them, as that *dumbe* Mark.9.22. One did the childe in the *Goſpell*, now into the *water*, ſullen and rheumatick *dreamings*, ſpitting againſt the Church, whoſe Hierarchy they beate downe, that their owne braines may ſway; anon into the *fire*, ſo hot a contention about Ceremonies, though enjoyn'd with equall modeſtie and right, as if Heaven and Earth were too little to bee

mingled

mingled in the quarrell; this *Spirit*, whether in a Church-parlour at *Amſterdam*, abroad there, or an uncharitable conventicle of our Zelots, at home here, is as farre from *grace*, as *unity*, it at once rents into *Schiſmes*, divides that *coate* is *ſeamleſſe*, & opens a ſluce for *Anarchy*, *diſorder*, *irreligion*: they are other fruits, which bloſſome on that tree, the good *Spirit* plants; theſe are Humility, Meekeneſſe, Brotherly love, and that rich Diamond of all humane happineſſe, *Vnion* and *Identitie* of heart in thoſe, *who keepe the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace*: if this *Spirit* inſpire not with holy motions to unity, we are all jars, if by His gratious inſtincts He worke us not to holineſſe, we are all prophane, no other meanes are effectuall. Firſt, GOD knocks by His *Word*, this is to us, *Precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little, and there a little*: if this *Spirit* enflame not our hearts to the love of the truth, how do we looke the Prophets in the face, and *caſt their words behind our backs*? or heare them as we doe muſick to ſtuffe our eares, when our bellies are full. Secondly, GOD knocks by His *Mercies*, exhauſts all the treaſures of them, and crownes us with His bleſſings: if this *Spirit* mould not our hearts to thankfullneſſe, how as wild heafers doe we kicke being full, or how, like a peeviſh beautie, the more GOD woes us by His bounty, the more coy and ſhie are we? Thirdly, GOD knocks by *Afflictions*, theſe riſe not out of the duſt, none can take of, or add the leaſt ſcruple to their weight, and they are for our health thoſe *drams* that are mingled to us of them; this heavenly phyſicke

James 3.17.

Epheſ 4.3.

Eſay 28.10.

Pſal. 50.17.

workes not on our soules, if the *Spirit* make it not operative, without Him *the whole head is still sick*, not hath any *drugsters* shop that medecine can cure us. Fourthly, GOD knocks by His *judgements*, they breake in like *waves* of the sea, this on the neck of that, ere the former have wrought all his spight: they beate with blowes able to shake the *center*, mans heart like the *Anvill*, the more 'tis *hammer'd* on, the harder it growes; onely this *Spirit* makes us flexible mettall; *judgements* may leave an *impression* behind them, but no *stampe* to that of *Grace*. Powre out O LORD, of this thy *Spirit* upon us; Knock by thy *Word*, and may it leade us in the paths of life; Knock by thy *Mercies*, and may those load-stones attract our longing to thee; Knock by thy *Afflictions*, and in that Schoole, may we con new lessons of Amendment; Knock by thy *judgements*, may they *put us in feare*, and make us know our selves to be but dust and ashes: Knock above all by thy *Sacred Spirit*, O thou who hast the keyes of hell and death, say effectually to our soules; *Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doores, that the King of glory may come in*: So *Veni Domine Iesu*, Come LORD JESV, *come quickly*. To whom with the Father and the Spirit, be All praise, and honour for ever,

Amen.

FINIS.